

LASTING WORDS OF LUST

BY MELCHIOR WEISS

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A SHORT STORY BY

MELCHIOR WEISS

Published on 20 December 2019

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Dear Madame de Moranville,

My existence has remained fairly dim with hardly any what one may call joy up until we met; o, what thrills it brings to know that scent. Oh heavens! it is as sublime as the Nile! As of lately, I've acquired no pleasure nor euphoria in my comforts, work, and fuckings; indeed, through temblor, all was not present with the omission of toiling, dining, and rotting on the sofa. Genuinely, I'm severely unsure wherein this instituted but it was, I deem, the overlooking of my decline leading ignorance to prevail.

For the sake of amusing your stunning spirits, concede me to, once more, outline my ever so sublime exterior: my stature lean and soaring with weight more meager than a child's, additionally with sweet insipid imperfections upon the ledges; offensive yellow fangs from deserting manners by the side of black hair neat and dainty slickly emanating atop my head. Here one has me in a nutshell; nothing I bear appears a horrific sight, but it does no justice to rid of my cruel perspective regarding my pathetic existence.

What torture! what horrors! But despite this, one such proceeding conceived by the brilliance of my vulgar mind revealed euphoria for which I so sought. It is through this story that our prejudices be relinquished, Madame! Man can forever be anointed in beholding this vile tale; from this time, I wish to remain unequivocal regarding my reciting to lessen your disorder, and so, there I deliver to you the fantasy:

The financing company we are employed at in Paris is a breeding ground for continuous misfortune; oh, how ever laborious the walk from work to home is! It comes torturous and dreary for voluptuaries who seek upon Nature further than what is handed to them; plus, the irascible client, who stride about the inside like animals, bestow upon me resentment and strain of sheer hatred; my fellow associates merely assist in lowering my withering attitude. Oh, what tragedy! Be as it may, I'm fully suited in handling such indignities owing to your fateful existence. No articulations can accurately render a sketch of your

sublime physique which of exemplifies a woman of utter beauty and cupidity. The striking qualities you have, as you may know, include: a lank and suiting stature to your physique, tump and ever so stubborn bosoms, and a buttocks concrete and indecent for my associates and me to coddle upon. The exact picture of thou is sufficient enough to erect a man's prick and drunken them unto madness.

In essence, you stood the sole woman who impeded my psychological suffering. While yes, I do muse over my life throughout the hours at work, contemplation supersedes when your stride into the office comes precipitously; oh! your dress, Madame, is one of the tensest dresses crafted by man! Such agitation your magnetism is! I frig myself in the lavatory to the very image of your vigorous look; dear God! subsisting gorgeously your bosoms do. Fuck! how profoundly wish I do on discharging upon those graces with my searing semen; indeed, I effortlessly stimulate myself by the illustration; wherefore, I reap hindrances with exchanging with you for that fact. Rather than focusing on your utterances, your front leads to be the only thing I consider sighting whilst devising voluptuous feats I wish to enact.

Amid my schedule, you arbitrated my work with an announcement ruling that I report to your office. I deemed the demand atypical seeing as you hardly ever have need for the succor I bear; nevertheless, I thought naught of it at the time. I journeyed inside your office which wasn't too far from my very own. The minute I opened the door, I was welcomed by your pedestrian voice, asking me to close the door behind me. Yes, I closed it and proceeded to take a seat in the chair just parallel to yours. You seemed to appear different this time by myself sighting the fact of your hair being less tidy along with frequent masticating of your lower scarlet lips assuredly gifted by the lust of Nature. Thereafter, you asserted on completely rectifying your manners through ingenuously divulging to me the practices I partake in at work. One particular motion was my impeccable love for you;

indeed, it was a sin for it was only by the motions of lust that I pursued it. I swallowed viciously once you gave off those words out of sheer embarrassment, but yet, you greeted my manners by deeming them shrewd leading to a negligible flush from my face, and almost immediately, you grew distinctly aroused by my mere company leading you to indecently remove your heels and districts of your dress.

"Heavens!," I cried, "is this certainly ensuing as I see it?" You interrupted my introspection with a splendid order: "Oh Maxime!," thou said, "indeed I grasp your sorrow of not having the luxury of wassailing in my designs; you are robbed of libertinage whereby I distinguish merely by your regard for yourself and others; thus, Maxime, I shall accede to your wish, but the only sole exception I have regarding this is that you ought to abide by my every decree; otherwise, the adventure will be recessed, and you will be dismissed of employment here. Do you get the picture? Without fear or favour, I consented obliging you to address the first order: "Maxime," you said, "I require you to lick my soles which are implausibly malodorous. If you are capable of doing so, it will accord me gratification none could contest!" I abided by your desire and stooped to your soles; alas! I was fortuitous enough to huff the bouquet of your soles spurring me considerably. Its fragrance evolved into a supper whereto I grew viciously impassioned of it; subsequently, you transposed unto displeasure which drove you to bray at me, like a vagrant animal, for puffing the bouquet of your sublime feet rather than sip them. I continued back to what I was doing heretofore and, conforming to your order, sucked your precious soles ever so untamed. Fuck! the flavor was best described as an amalgamation of oils, grime, and lust blended into one fine cuisine. I relished wholly herein until you briefed me of the subsequent motion we were to perform: "Bravo! Maxime," thou shouted, "at this hour, I have with me another demand: you are to swig my piss. This one is undoubtedly more onerous than the other but you—" "Oh yes! of course!," I cried. "I will certainly do it and do so in the most irreverent manner con-

ceivable! Anything at all for my dear mistress!" You conveyed a slim leer and instructed me to be situated between your legs for me to swig the piss. Oh Madame! the second you removed your undergarments, I amiably was hailed by the glimpse of your cerise cunt; my! Nature unquestionably honours her children greatly! My head was compelled suddenly to the middle of your legs which were arranged in divergence of your scrumptious cunt. Once again, I foresaw the dissolution I would retrieve by this, yet it was impeded by an unforeseen torrent of piss from your cunt which brimmed my mouth. You thundered at me to drink the piss entire, and so, I gave in by promptly exhausting all what I could reap from my pitiable faux pas.

I later found something bizarre with the piss I drunk: it was mingled with a red constituent. I understood later that the matter was nothing other than blood and you offensively squawked, not unlike a crow, in utter rejoicing, but yet, I smiled. Oh, how pleasing you found it by the very fact of me resting adept in engulfing, with no strife, your disgusting yet amiable matter; for that reason, you baptized me as the most dissolute man you've ever set eyes upon. You reassured me of my discomfort by imparting the words: "Fear not, voluptuary, for I, too, am but fascinated by depravity and its designs. I conject here and now that no man in these premises have the slightest ounce of appreciation for crime within them, so the fortunate choice was made. Bear in mind, Maxime, that you are lucky so stay with your diligent consent accompanied by the thought that one, too, is reaping pleasure throughout." I acceded with a beaming mien in my eyes, and so, we began.

"Alas!, said you solemnly, "go a step above I shall! If one doesn't want to proceed, please apprise me of such a notice, but foresee dismissal if you choose the path of shameless stupidity." I concurred to your assertions the moment you declared my attention, and moments thereafter, with impiety you stated: "The coming up exploit I want of you to at-

tempt is the dismemberment of your prick and testicles; then, position your dismembered prick upon the site where it was severed; finally, utilize your dismembered prick to fuck the sole site whilst embedding your testicles into your buttocks. Amid it all, I shall shit onto the ground wherefrom thou shall clean up the disarray through devouring it entirely; last of all, then consume your dismembered members." Any sensible man would oppose such an outrageous order, but my spirits rendered me impetuously thus granting the wish expounded. This time around, you divulged a loftier sneer. I suppose that you somewhat revevere my decadence in a manner I an unwilling or unable to sight.

You tossed me the scissors resting just upon your desk and then instructed me to use the scissors to execute the first motion, as you shifted upon the floor and frigged yourself to my unprincipled spectacle. The swaying voice of yours obliged me to partake in the impish undertaking which I'm unable to abdicate from my mind. The instant you sighted my opposition, you bellowed at me, no doubt much like a choleric man, to continue at with the motion being that you were nearing the point where your shit would depart its quarters, so I acquiesced thereupon and went at it. Oh the sensations! none were of this domain for merely they be described as piercing and incalculable tenderness about my member. It was one of the foulest agonies experienced ever, yet it rapidly diminished and I advanced to my testicles. Feeling cheered by the stinging sensations led me to sluggishly go into the second motion. Of all Hell! great discomfort was felt where expiration landed brimmed; thereafter, the sensation diminished the moment the blood expelled less.

The ground below my position was blinded by marred skin alongside a downpour of blood that swished about the surface. My rapture receded thereafter and I spotted you discharging and shitting upon the floor. You felt great delight in my misfortune as would a mother for her loving son, and alas, you shrieked at me to heed to the motions,

despite the fact I was still somewhat affected by the brew of indignity, blasphemy, and shameless vice. Oh heavens! the stench was attentive by my perplexity, yet I ferociously devoured every last bit of the brown matter. The constituent bore an abominable balm together with a viscous fineness. Fuck! the taste led me to heave mulishly, yet I savored every lot of it.

As a consequence for my error, you justly foisted me to eat the bile up as well, and alas, I yielded by ingesting the heave of which bore an aroma far fetid than any turd could ever contest. I had to maintain in ingesting it a small number of times, but yet I continued dislodging heave succeeding the consumption of the turds, so I grew relatively colorless up until I, at long last, finished distilling the floor of any dirt. You wished for me to bugger myself with my prick as I simultaneously fed on my testicles. O yes! I assented to your grand wish setting up the exploit. My dismembered prick was thrust within my rumpled buttocks, as I spoiled myself upon the unctuous nip of the testicles; amid this, you began frigging your cunt and affirmed I could only halt the acts after I completed my discharge which was why I intended to eclipse your prospects. My prick was swathed in blood and shit; the fragrance of the stew proliferated about the chambers. Damn! such titillation agitated me to the climax of madness.

To my disappointment, you discharged a smaller volume than the previous times but suffice it did in caressing my frame. Amid my moves, you uttered: "Alas, dear Maxime!," you cried, "treasured I did the debauchery we so pampered ourselves in. I must carry on with my toiling just as you shall too. I advise that you return to your desk without another word, but nonetheless, I fancy another thrilling supper, like this, another time... if you covet it. I've realized just how utterly dissolute you are up until now and pleased that you exceeded my expectations, Maxime. Many men, far too much in today's day, aren't alacritous into partaking in such quests, so it rejoices me that I now

have a recipient who, too, is inclined to these adventures. I thank you for your remarkable contributions today. Notify me when you wish to perform such again!" I nodded and unobtrusively got draped again and cleaned myself up so not to leave any remnants of libertinage.

Ultimately, all is fruitless. This letter is merely fantasy; o, how cruel! If Nature is sufficed that way so be it. Madame, I thank you, my libertine darling, for the sight you pronounce every day along with abetting the erections whereof I savor; verily, you have striking qualities even for a young woman. My life shall end once I finish scrawling this last letter. I foresee this one shall go in the trash with the other 268 letters I've penned. I wish you the best of life; don't fall upon Providence's control, dear Madame... you have far too much capacity in your heart! If you happen to examine this letter, please, Madame, read it to your heart's content!—Discharge upon the exquisite parchment for that is my lasting wish before I depart this world. Farewell and live a prosperous life full of debauchery and lust!

Yours truly, Maxime
